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Shakespeareana

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FEBRUARY, 1888.

VOL. V.

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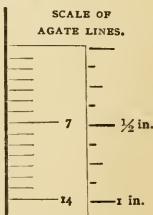
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VOL. V.

FEBRUARY, 1888.

NO. I.

SHAKESPEARE MUSIC.

TRAGEDIES, OVERTURES.

And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

—*Macbeth*, II, i.

If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again !

—*Othello*, III, i.



SHAKESPEARE'S tragedies have, on the whole, appealed less frequently to musicians than the comedies, with the exception of *Macbeth* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Both of these plays have been set many times, especially the latter, which has been made into an opera over and over again. It may be questioned whether anything is to be gained by turning Shakespeare's tragedies into operas. The wonder and beauty of his words need no musical interpretation; the effect usually is to detract from the dramatic force of the play; and, on the other hand, the music, hampered by the words, cannot soar to those lofty heights reached, for example, in an oratorio, where the composer's mind is filled with the great truth expressed in the words, rather than with the words themselves; or,

better still, in a symphony, where the mind is concerned only in giving expression to such ultimate truths as the mystery, beauty, harmony of the Universe ; and the musician feels that

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in its motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins :
Such harmony is in immortal souls.

Music introduced into the plays where Shakespeare meant that it should be, and where the dramatic action calls for it, is quite another thing, and is always beautiful and appropriate.

Among many attempts to set music to *Macbeth*—either as an opera or altered and added to, so as to be almost beyond recognition—the principal interest centres around that attributed to Matthew Locke. He is generally supposed to have written the music for Sir William Davenant's alteration of *Macbeth*. This was brought out at the new theatre in Dorset Gardens, in 1672—three years after the death of Davenant—by his wife. His design had been to make the play more attractive by additions to the lyric portions, which were borrowed principally from Middleton's *Witch*, by improved scenes, stage-machinery and music.

After the proclamation for the suppression of "Stage-Playes," in the time of Cromwell, attempts were made continually to evade the laws. At first very stringent, they gradually became relaxed ; and in 1656, fourteen years after the closing of the theatres, Sir William Davenant began to exhibit dramatic performances, under the name of operas. "Cromwell allowed of this, because, being in an unknown language, it would not corrupt the morals of the people. The unknown language was music."

It soon became a favorite practice to change Shakespeare's plays into operas by the aid of machines, dancing, and music. Beaumont and Fletcher being favorites of Charles II., it was thought necessary, when the people began to call for Shakespeare's plays, to add to their attractiveness, and consequently they suffered all sorts of mutilations and changes.

Dryden, in speaking of his improvements on *Troilus and Cressida*, says :—

In this tragedy, which I have undertaken to correct, I tried to remove that heap of rubbish, under which many excellent thoughts were buried.

The craze for elaborate stage-machinery must have reached an almost dangerous height, judging from the following lines of Dryden's for the opening of the new theatre in Drury Lane, 1674:—

'Tis to be feared
That, as a fire the former house o'rthrew,
Machines and Tempests
Will destroy the new.

Prompter Downes says of this performance of *Macbeth*:—

Here was acted the Tragedy of *Macbeth*, alter'd by Sir William Davenant; being drest in all it's Finery, as new Cloath's, new Scenes, Machines, as flyings for the Witches; with all the Singing and Dancing in it: *The first Compos'd by Mr. Locke*, the other by *Mr. Channell* and *Mr. Joseph Priest*; it being all Excellently perform'd, being in the nature of an Opera, it Recompenc'd double the Expence; it proves still a lasting Play.

He expressly states that Mr. Locke wrote the music: but Prompter Downes has been proved slightly inaccurate on one or two occasions, and whether his authority is sufficient proof of the authorship of the music has been considered doubtful. It has, therefore, been claimed for several other musicians; but, until stronger evidence than any that has yet been advanced shall be forthcoming, Locke may as well be allowed the distinguished honor of having composed it. The fact of the existence of a manuscript copy of *Macbeth* music in the handwriting of Henry Purcell has caused him to be considered by several musical historians the composer of the work. If such were the case, he must have been only fourteen years old when he wrote it, and produced nothing more for eight years—which seems hardly probable. Mr. Cummings, an enthusiastic admirer of Purcell, declares it to be another leaf in the laurel crown of England's greatest musician that he composed *Macbeth* music at the age of fourteen; while another writer adds that Purcell needs no borrowed plumes, and the mere existence of the manuscript in Purcell's handwriting amounts to nothing, as he might easily have made a copy of the score for the purpose of studying it.

Still another claimant is Richard Leveridge. Dr. Rimbault's edition of North's *Memoirs of Music* states that the music of *Macbeth*, popularly known as Locke's, is the composition of Richard Leveridge, and was performed for the first time on the 25th of January, 1704. This assertion is probably incorrect, as it does not seem to be corroborated by any other authority. The truth really seems to be—according to Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, that Leveridge did compose new music for the second act of *Macbeth* about 1708, which has since been entirely forgotten. He is, however, remembered for his song, "'Tis the Roast-Beef of England;" and with that let him be satisfied.

Sir William Davenant's version of *Macbeth* retained its hold on the stage, until the tragedy was produced by Garrick from the text of Shakespeare, when Locke's music was retained.

There is an account of a performance of *Macbeth* given between forty and fifty years ago, under the management of Mr. Phelps, at Sadlers' Wells. At that time it had become the fashion to produce Shakespeare's plays as they were written; so Locke was banished, with the singing-witches and machines, and not a note of music was heard from first to last.

The play was presented in its integrity, even to the restoration of Lady Macduff and her son and literal compliance with the stage direction, "Enter Macduff with Macbeth's head on a pole,"—which was rather trying to the gravity of the audience.

When *Macbeth* was revived by Charles Kean at the Princess's Theatre, the old music was reinstated, since when it has held almost undisputed possession of the stage.

A recent critic says:—

It is really time for *Macbeth* to run alone and to speak for himself, unencumbered by the music of the time of Charles II. or Queen Anne.

Lately Mr. Kelly, in California, has written *Macbeth* music which may again banish Locke; but, judging from criticisms of it, doubts arise as to whether it will be any improvement—or, indeed, as good; for Locke's music, however it may lack modern intensity, is at least interesting from a historical point of view.

One cannot help thinking that the best music for *Macbeth* would be of such description as that mentioned in the stage-directions of the play—"drums and hautbois," with witches' dances and songs in some forgotten mode. No attempt should be made to suggest witches by modern harmonic means; but the music should be such as those creatures would be likely to sing, and therefore not to be judged for its intrinsic musical worth, but for its appropriateness. An approach to this was made in the Scotch airs which used sometimes to be introduced in *Macbeth*. These old melodies, like the old Irish melodies, are generally written either in the intervals of the ancient pentatonic scale or in a manner suggestive of them. This pentatonic scale (which corresponds to our black keys on the piano) may be traced to Japan and China, where it is used to-day, and finally to India, where it seems to be one of the principal survivors of their complicated system of musical modes. Here, then—among the Aryan ancestors of the wild Scotch airs, dead and gone scales with weird intervals, diminished seconds, discord on discord—Hecate and her sister witches might be expected to find music to their taste.

Locke's music to *Macbeth* has also been attributed to Eccles. However, his music for the play is to be found in score in the British Museum. It was brought out at Drury Lane Theatre in 1696, and, according to Mr. Cummings, does not compare with Locke's for conciseness and dramatic effectiveness, being full of tedious imitations long drawn out. Hatton, who was the composer for the Princess's Theatre while under Charles Kean's management, also wrote music for *Macbeth*.

France, Italy, Germany, have all contributed composers of *Macbeth* music. There is an opera founded on the play by Chélaré, the libretto of which is by Hix, and Rouget de l'Isle, the author of the "Marseillaise." This opera was given in Paris at the Grand Opéra in 1827, but failed. Shortly after, it was brought out in Munich, where its success was so decided that the King of Bavaria made Chélaré his Kapellmeister. Afterwards, it was produced in London (1832), but received little notice, for *Fidelio* was, at that time, attracting all attention. A critic of the time says of this opera:—

There are some artful and effective musical contrasts in it. The music given to the witches, who always sing in a group, has a sinister and piercing shrillness. The reception of Duncan is gorgeous with a certain bardic tone thrown into the chorus.

In spite of all these merits, this, with his other operas, has been almost forgotten, the overture to *Macbeth* alone being occasionally heard. Verdi wrote an opera, *Macbetto*, which has enjoyed some popularity. The libretto is by Piave, and it was first sung at Florence in 1847.

From Germany there is a long list, including Spohr—an overture to *Macbeth*, not by any means one of his best; Holly, of Breslau; Richard, of Berlin; Eberwein, the friend of Goethe; Mederitsch, called Gallus, who wrote “*Makbeth mit Gesang*”; Rastrelli, of Dresden; Taubert, at Berlin, and last, Beethoven, who made sketches for an overture and first chorus to *Macbeth*, which, unfortunately, were never completed; they are given by Mr. Nottebohm in his *Musikalisches Wochenblatt*. These sketches and an overture to *Coriolanus* are all that the most wonderful musical genius has offered at the shrine of Shakespeare.

In England, *Hamlet* has been left almost undisturbed—doubtless because there is little opportunity in it for musical display. With the exception of the “*Dead March*” at the end, which is a fine subject for the musician, there is nothing to put music to but the detached songs of Ophelia and the snatches sung by the grave-digger, to which may be added an occasional flourish of drums and hautbois from behind the scenes.

A funeral-march to *Hamlet* has been written by Henry Hugo Pierson, an Englishman who adopted Germany as his country, and who, while there, published much of his music under the *nom de plume* of Edgar Mansfeldt. He was also the composer of overtures to *Macbeth*, *As You Like It*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, all of which have been performed at the Crystal Palace concerts. The traditional airs to Ophelia’s songs have continued to be used most frequently in the play. A collection of these was arranged, with accompaniments, and published by George Nicks in 1839. Certainly, nothing could be more appropriate for Ophelia than these ancient melodies. These

and an overture to *Hamlet* by Macfarren are about all the English *Hamlet* music, properly so called. Of course, there are numerous solos and glees written to words taken from *Hamlet*—as is the case with all the plays—but it is not our province to mention those here.

Outside of England, there have been several attempts at operas founded on Shakespeare's text, most of which have sunk into oblivion. In Italy (1705), Gasparini, of Venice, wrote an opera, *Amleto*, the words of which were by Apostolo Zeno. It was produced in London in 1712. Holland, a Hanoverian, born in 1748, composed in 1790 an entr'acte to *Hamlet* for orchestra, which was published in Berlin; and Holly, of Breslau, wrote an entr'acte and several "Morceaux de Musique" for *Hamlet*. There is also *Hamlet* music by the Abbé Vogler—an interesting figure among musicians of the last century. Accounts of his merits as a theorist differ greatly. Baron Von Weber, in speaking of him in the life of his father, who was Vogler's distinguished pupil, says:—

A singular apparition was the Abbé Vogler, one of the most celebrated theorists of his time;—a man of great powers of judgment and a mighty memory, which always stood him in great stead.*

Another writer says that he was as far in advance of his time as a half-educated enthusiast could be and that he would be remembered by Mozart's satire and his pupil's success, rather than by his orchestration, "or by his impure lessons in counterpoint, or by his travels east, west, north, south, or by his settings of the penitential psalms." A notice of him in the *Harmonicon* (1824) seems to throw some light on this difference of opinion. It says:—

The Abbé was a man of great reading and a classical scholar, as well as a profound musician—but at the same time with great eccentricity of character. Though he was a profound virtuoso on the organ, and knew how to treat that instrument with more dignity, science and feeling than any of his contemporaries, yet he prided himself on concealing this talent from the public and in exercising his skill only in marches, light concertos and little popular pieces of no depth of thought or powers of execution: hence he was generally regarded as a man of considerable talent, but, with regard to music, as a mere pretender to science—as a mere fanciful, though not unamusing, amateur. In the same spirit of whim, he furnished publishers

with only a few trifling productions of the moment, while all the higher efforts of his genius he kept a profound secret, carrying them everywhere with him till his death, when the world discovered what wrong judgment they had formed of him.

Whatever may be the truth in regard to his abilities, he is certainly not remembered now for his *Hamlet* music, of which there is probably not a copy in existence, unless there be one left in some hidden nook of the old cathedral town of Speyer, where it was printed. Nor yet is he remembered by Mozart's satire on him, but by something far better—Browning's fine poem, "Abt Vogler"—[after he has been extemporizing on an instrument of his own invention]. Browning has gone below the surface: he has passed his eccentricities by and has given us, in the rapt thoughts of the extemporizer, a profound theory of art, or, better, of life.

The only *Hamlet* music of importance is that of the modern French composer, Ambroise Thomas. The libretto for this was written by Barbier and Carré. It may almost go without saying that this libretto is a horrible mangling of Shakespeare's play, in which the characters, divested of all their reality, seem but gibbering phantasms of the originals. The dénouement differs entirely from that of the play; in the last scene a rustic festivity is at its height; Ophelia appears dressed in white, with dishevelled hair intertwined with flowers, and, after singing to the rustic crowd the legend of the "Water Nymph," she drowns herself before the eyes of the audience, and as she floats down the stream sings the words of Hamlet in his letter to her as her dying song:—

Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;—
But never doubt I love,

—the beauty of which we confess ourselves unable to appreciate as it should be appreciated, for much the same reason that Lamb could not appreciate Hamlet's celebrated soliloquy, "To be or not to be"—because "it had been so handled and pawed about by declamatory boys and men and torn so inhumanly from its living place and

principle of continuity in the play." This opera was first produced in Paris in 1868, at the Académie de Musique, with Nilsson as Ophelia, in which she made a great success, and afterward in London. It was sung in Italian as *Amleto* at Covent Garden, with Nilsson, and with Santley as Hamlet. A criticism of Ambroise Thomas, in Tétis' *Biographie Universelle de Musique*, says :—

In *Mignon* and *Hamlet* he gives proof of new researches : he transports us towards regions still unknown, still unexplored, by him. An artist with a temperament full of suppleness, vigor and poetic fire of soul, a mind meditative and cultivated, M. Thomas has certainly not said his last word. And we may expect better things still from him in the future—

and much more to the same effect.

Two more celebrated names appear in the list of composers of *Hamlet* music, Gade and Liszt, who have both written overtures to *Hamlet*. There is also an overture to *Hamlet* by Joachim. A symphonic poem entitled "Hamlet," by Mr. E. A. MacDowell, a young American, at present in Germany, should also be mentioned, having lately been well received in New York.

With the exception of Rossini's *Otello*, and, latterly, Verdi's, there is no *Othello* music of importance. Desdemona's songs, like Ophelia's, have generally been sung to ancient melodies. There are, indeed, one or two overtures to *Othello* by almost unknown composers and an *Otello* by a Neapolitan marquis, Il Marchese Berio ; but these seem to be all. Rossini's *Otello* is so well known that it is scarcely necessary to describe it. The first performance of it was given at the Teatro del Fondo at Rome, in 1816. A Frenchman—M. Edward Bertin—gives an account, quoted in Edwards's *Life of Rossini*, of the first performance of it, and of Davide, the celebrated tenor, as Otello—a part which he sang for seven years. After talking for some time in the most enthusiastic manner of Davide's singing—saying that what faults he has are not faults for Italians, who do not employ in their opera seria what the French call the tragic style, and who scarcely understand us when we tell them that a waltz is out of place in the mouth of a Cæsar or an Otello—he tells of an amusing alteration which Davide was in the habit of making in the last act :—

Considering, apparently, that the final duet of *Otello* did not sufficiently show off his voice, he determined to substitute for it a duet from *Armida* ("Amor possente nome") which is very pretty, but anything rather than severe. As it was impossible to kill Desdemona to such a tune, the Moor, after giving way to the most violent jealousy, sheathed his dagger, and begins in the most graceful and tender manner his duet with Desdemona, at the conclusion of which he takes her politely by the hand and retires, amidst the applause and bravos of the public—who seem to think it quite natural that the piece should finish in this manner, or, rather, that it should not finish at all; for after this beautiful dénouement the action is about as far advanced as it was in the first scene.

He complacently adds: "We do not in France carry our love of music so far as to tolerate such absurdities as these."

One is reminded of the tragi-comedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, by Mr. James Howard, which, Downes says, was played alternately—"tragic one day and tragi-comical another, for several days together."

Byron, who heard a performance of *Otello* at Venice, admires the music and singing, but laughs at the libretto; and Mr. Edwards says that it is certainly full of beautiful and dramatic music, but with the great disadvantage of reminding us continually of what it does not resemble—the *Othello* of Shakespeare.

At the time of its production, a Milan journal found great fault with it for the number of self-borrowed passages. This habit of imitating himself was one of which Rossini was very fond. However, *Otello* is one of the most finished of Rossini's works and marks a great advance in instrumentation, also in the use of the chorus. Verdi's *Otello* is better than Rossini's in the fact that the libretto is closer to the original; and as for the music—let those who are endowed with an appreciation of Italian opera be thankful for whatever gifts the gods may give them.

Crowds of dead and gone worthies claim attention at the mention of *Romeo and Juliet*. But though Germans and Italians and Frenchmen have one after another written operas of *Romeo and Juliet*, few remain. One of the first of these was written by George Benda, in 1778. Although quite celebrated in his time, and the composer of many operas and instrumental works, Benda is now almost forgotten. Schwanberg, of Wolfenbüttel, made an attempt. Baron Sigismund

von Rumling also devoted himself to the cause. Herr Stiébelt, who at one time lived in France, wrote a *Romeo and Juliet* for the Opéra Comique at Paris which is said to be tolerably good. He spent the latter years of his life in re-writing it, and on his death-bed dedicated the score to the King of Prussia, who had been his patron in Germany.

There are no less than five Italian operas of *Romeo and Juliet*, of which the principal are those of Bellini and Zingarelli; the others are by Guglielmi (1729), Marescalchi (1789), Vaccai (1825). Bellini's was called "*Il Capuletti ed i Montecchi*," was composed for Venice, and was produced in 1830. The composer, for some reason, not having written music to the third act, that of Vaccai was introduced, and is still heard in Bellini's opera. It became very popular throughout Italy, while in England and France its success was owing mainly to the great popularity of Madame Pasta, who took the part of Romeo. She was also the Romeo in Zingarelli's opera, an account of the first performance of which is given in the *Harmonicon* :—

On the 21st of June, 1824, Mme. Pasta took her benefit, when *Romeo et Giulietta*, a tragic opera by Zingarelli, was for the first time performed in this country. It was composed upwards of twenty years ago upon an abridgment of M. Ducis' free translation of Shakespeare's tragedy. The drama is beneath notice; and if the names of the characters did not lead to a recognition, the original story would never be suspected. The music has nothing that can be called bad in it, but it is feeble, with the exception of the beautiful "*Sommo Ciel*," sung by Romeo while awaiting the arrival of Giulietta, who, at that hour, has consented to be united to him; and "*Ombra Adorata*," also sung by Romeo, in the tomb scene, after he has swallowed the poison and before Giulietta awakes.

It is said that when Pasta conceived the character of Romeo she took, with royal license, everything that pleased her from all the *Romeo and Juliet* operas and made up a mosaic for herself.

Among French composers of *Romeo and Juliet* music are the celebrated names of Gounod and Berlioz. Gounod's well-known opera was brought out in England in 1867. The dramatic symphony of Berlioz is an extraordinary composition—one of the most extravagant examples of the style which he affects, called "*programme music*." In this, with the aid of a programme printed with voluminous notes,

he tries to make the orchestra tell the whole history of the play: how there was an ancient feud between Montague and Capulet; how the lovers met at the masquerade; how they parted; the poisoning; the death—and so on. It is not sufficient that the poor orchestra should be forced to take all this on its shoulders; so Queen Mab's doings are brought out as an important part of the drama in an odd scherzo, in which fifteen harps play an important part. It is, however, some satisfaction to know that the Nurse and Peter are left out. One criticism of this astonishing medley is to the effect that its length, its obscurity, the accumulation of useless executive material, its extreme difficulty, have all had charms for unmusical people. Another says that one either loses the musical thread and has to fly to the programme for enlightenment, or one dreams of the programme and misses the music. This shows the uselessness of trying to fetter anything so subtle as music with concrete ideas. If language, as Carlyle says, is the flesh-garment of thought, music must surely be the wings of thought. The finest examples of Berlioz's instrumentation are those in which the programme can be dispensed with. Among these is the overture to *King Lear*, about which a French enthusiast exclaims: "What more proud, more steadfast, more brilliant, more chivalrous than the overture to *King Lear*!"

The English have not devoted themselves to *Romeo and Juliet*. Edmond Malone, in his *Historical Account of the English Stage*, speaks of an old copy of *Romeo and Juliet* (1599) in which directions are given for "musicke" to be played between each act. It seems to have been the custom in Shakespeare's day for the orchestra,—which consisted of only eight or ten performers on cornets, lutes, recorders, viols and organs,—to fill up the pauses between the acts with music, probably of a kind that we could not blame Othello if he should not greatly care to hear. They also performed three flourishes before the play begun, or, as they were then called, "three soundings"—a barbarous custom, of which we are still reminded when our spirits are kept up before the play begins and between the acts with popular airs, dispensed by a half-fledged orchestra. The principal attempts at music for *Romeo and Juliet* by English composers are—an overture by Mac-

farren, and dirges in *Romeo and Juliet* by our old friend, Dr. Arne, by J. F. Lampe and by Dr. Boyce. The last also wrote a dirge in *Cymbeline*.

The remainder of Shakespeare's tragedies—to which may be added the historical plays—have not very long musical histories. Purcell wrote an overture, instrumental music and masque for Shadwell's alteration of *Timon of Athens*, in 1678, of which Downes says:—

'Twas very well Acted, and the Musick in't well Perform'd ; it wonderfully pleas'd the Court and City ; being an excellent moral.

There is an opera of *Coriolanus*, written by Niccolini in 1810, at Milan, and one or two overtures besides that of Beethoven—namely, by Bernh and Anselm Weber. Hatton wrote incidental music for *King Lear*, also *Richard II.* and *Henry VIII.*, when these plays were revived at the Princess's Theatre, between the years 1855 and 1859. During the same period J. J. Isaacson furnished music for a revival of *Henry V.* Mattheson, of Hamburg—the friend and, at one time, the rival of Handel—wrote an opera, *Cleopatra*, which may or may not be founded on Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, for, with the rest of his music, it has been lost. There is an opera *Giulio Cesare* by Handel, which Mr. Sutherland Edwards, in an essay on Shakespeare operas, tells us was written to Shakespeare's play. However, there is not to be found any mention of the fact in various accounts of Handel's life. Besides, there is a note in Burney's *History of Music* to the effect that this drama was written by Nicolo Hayne and dedicated to the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline. Mr. Edwards, in speaking of *Giulio Cesare*, refers to the *Spectator*. If there is any mention made of this particular opera in the *Spectator*, a careful search has not revealed it, and—in the light of the fact that Handel's opera was not performed in England until 1723, and the *Spectator* stopped in 1714—it seems doubtful whether it is mentioned at all. Handel's opera of *Rinaldo*, first performed in 1711, drew forth the "satiric lightning" of the *Spectator* against Italian operas in general, and from time to time much wit was indulged in at their expense.

Among purely orchestral works may be mentioned an overture to *King John*, by Radecke, and one to *Julius Caesar*, by Schumann. This latter was first performed at the Male Choral Festival at Düsseldorf, August 3d, 1852.

It is interesting to note the differences in English Shakespeare music and Continental Shakespeare music—entirely characteristic of their respective schools. In Merrie England—the home of ballads, glees and part-songs—the bulk of Shakespeare settings has been in one or other of these forms of composition. Truly speaking, they have had no Shakespeare operas, but merely operatized dramas. In fact, opera on the Italian model, in which the dialogues are sung, has never become fully acclimatized in England. For years their operas consisted merely of plays, with a goodly number of songs and choruses interspersed. While Handel's splendid works were being performed at the King's Theatre, opposite, at the little theatre in the Haymarket, were frequently advertised English operas after the Italian manner, with recitative in place of dialogue; yet they met with no success. Italian operas, it is true, were translated into English; but with the result only of inextricable confusion, which was greatly increased by the fact that the prima donna and prima tenore, often being Italians, sang their parts in their own language. The incongruity of a lover telling his passion in Italian and the beloved answering in English finally dawned on the audience. Says Addison :—

At length the audience grew tired of understanding half the opera, and, therefore, to ease themselves entirely of the fatigue of thinking, have so ordered it at present that the whole opera is performed in an unknown tongue.

Dr. Arne, filled with the idea of forming a school of English opera, made several attempts on the Italian model—notably in *Artaxerxes*, which, although remarkably successful, did nothing towards the formation of a school, owing, principally, to the remarks of a certain class of literary critics, who sent forth the fiat that the English language was not fit for recitative,—a decision to which succeeding composers have, for the most part, humbly bowed. At this time, too, the favorite opera form was the ballad opera—outcome of the famous

Beggar's Opera, which, performed first in 1728, took the English world by storm. So great was its success that it was played all over England, Ireland, Scotland, and even in Minorca. Ladies of fashion attired themselves in costumes like those of Polly, the heroine of the piece; fans and screens were decorated with scenes and songs from the play; and Italian opera, for some time the most fashionable pastime, was utterly deserted. Only lately has there been any attempt to improve the standard of English opera. Much has already been done by such talented composers as Sir Jules Benedict, Professor Macfarren and Sir Arthur Sullivan; and why should there not arise a great composer of English opera who, among the varied and fantastic legends of King Arthur and the Enchanter Merlin, might certainly find themes as inspiring as Wagner has found in German mythology.

From sentimental Italy—the happy hunting-ground of operatic composers—we have tragic operas; *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Romeo and Juliet*, have drawn crowds of admirers: while to the beauties of *Midsummer-Night's Dream* or the *Tempest* they have seemed indifferent. Again, the French have produced operas, choosing both tragedies and comedies; while the love of the fantastic in their modern composers has reached its culmination in the overtures of Berlioz.

There is no distinctive characteristic in German Shakespeare music, except that found in Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Schubert, the greatest names in the list of Shakespeare musicians. Songs, part-songs, operatized dramas, operas, overtures,—all find a place, though that occupied by opera simple is, perhaps, the least conspicuous.

As yet, America has done almost nothing. Who knows but that in the next hundred years there may be a long list of Shakespeare composers? In the meantime, to show her appreciation of the Immortal Bard and of the illustrious men who have attuned their muse to his, she ought in 1889,—the three hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of his birth,—to have a grand Shakespeare music festival, at which should be performed the best examples of every phase in the history of Shakespeare music. There would be a fine opportunity for every form of musical entertainment: madrigal and glee concerts,

ballad concerts, long so popular in England, grand opera performances, and symphony concerts, on the programmes of which would appear the names of almost every celebrated composer in the last three centuries.

In closing, it would perhaps be well to say that no attempt has been made to give an exhaustive account of Shakespeare music. Such a thing could hardly be accomplished within lesser limits than those of a folio volume. However, it is hoped that none of the great luminaries have been forgotten, and that a sufficient number of the lesser lights have been chosen to form a suitable retinue.

HELEN A. CLARKE.

DELIA BACON AS A TEACHER OF SHAKESPEARE.

HE "Club of Two," described in a recent number of *Shakespeariana*, will perhaps accept greetings from a club of three, which calls itself "The Delia Bacon Club." The name is offered as a suggestion; and perhaps a few reminiscences of the method adopted by Miss Bacon as a teacher of Shakespeare may be of general interest.

Previous to 1850 Miss Bacon, gave instruction to young ladies who had left school and desired to continue their education. Such a class met in her rooms every day, except Saturday, during the morning hours, and continued to do so throughout "term-time"—meaning the college term of study; for everything in New Haven, where she then lived, revolved around Yale College. It is different now, since the little city has become double in size what it was then; but in that day Yale gave law to New Haven as a matter of course. "Term-time" and "vacation" were the alternating divisions of the year, and "commencement" vied with "Thanksgiving" in anniversary importance. Even social and family customs—such as the hours for meals and for evening receptions—took shape from the regulations of the

College, more particularly as "society," technically so called, was dominated by the College faculty and their families.

Miss Bacon's class met at her parlor every morning for about three hours, during which she gave lessons on various subjects and in various branches of education, among which literature was one. Not more than twelve or fifteen young ladies formed the class at any one time.

During one season which comes to mind the study in literature centred upon the Elizabethan era; in that era, Shakespeare; in Shakespeare, *Hamlet*. Her method of teaching was her own, and its peculiar flavor, its aroma, can never be conveyed; but as well as a description can make that method understood, it was something like the following:

She read aloud—say, the first scene of the first act—progressing very slowly, stopping to call attention to various points and discussing them as she went along, repeatedly reading passages of peculiar interest, and then re-reading the whole, until about an hour had been devoted to the lesson. No one had a book excepting herself. Her pupils were expected to hear and to remember. She taught them how to control their own powers of attention, how to listen and how to remember, at the same time that she taught Shakespeare.

The next day, when the hour came, she read the same scene, and no more. The next day the same; the same the next; and so on, day after day, for a week perhaps. When, Sunday having intervened, the class came together again on Monday, it seemed a matter of course that the reading would advance to something new. She opened the book, and lo! she began the very same lesson and read it over again. She thus spent two or even three weeks on a single small portion of the text. When ready at last to go forward, she added, perhaps, half of the next act, or perhaps the whole, according to circumstances, and devoted to this a week or two more of the daily morning hour given up to Shakespeare. And so on, taking months for a play.

This seemed to eager girls a very slow method of studying Shakespeare, but with every added week its value became apparent. There

was always something gained with each reading, and her pupils learned the most implicit trust in her as an intellectual guide.

Her style of reading was of a kind never to be forgotten. It was not in the least theatrical, or oratorical, or recitation-like, and yet no reader, I am sure, ever made a more abiding impression on the imagination and the memory. Her voice was sweet, melodious and flexible, of a low pitch, and of a peculiar lingering quality and penetrating power, expressing all the varying emotions of the heart on the lowest scale of tones in a woman's register. Her reading was equivalent to a commentary—it was of itself an elucidation of the text.

Ophelia—"that beautiful creature," as she called her—over whom it is said Mr. Hudson was wont to shed tears, affected her deeply. "Notice," she said, "Ophelia's first appearance. Here are the very first words which you hear her speak." Then she read the conversation in Act I, Scene iii, between Laertes and his sister, giving an emphasis and intonation to the few sentences uttered by the latter which no one, hearing, could ever forget, especially the phrase

No more but so,

which she rendered with a tender, sorrowful, appealing pathos, having in it the prophecy of a heart-break.

"See what Ophelia's appearance must have been," she said once; "what a fair, pure creature she must have looked, and Hamlet must have known her to be!" The famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," was the lesson, at the close of which Ophelia unexpectedly appears, and Hamlet breaks off into the exclamation:—

Soft you, now,
The fair Ophelia:—*Nymph, in thy orisons,
Be all my sins remembered.*

"He asks her prayers, struck anew by her purity and loveliness. See all which that implies," she said.

The tone in which she read the words at the beginning of this play—

'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart,

was most striking and impressive. The words seemed meant to be the key-note of a bitter tragedy.

Miss Bacon set due value on all helps and adjuncts to the study of Shakespeare. Every corner of the literary world had not then, as now, been ransacked to find aught which could cast the faintest light on the Shakespearian plays. But she illustrated them with instruction on the thought and manners of the time, on the laws of dramatic composition, and on the contrast between the classic and the modern drama. To show this contrast, she read to her class, in translation, many of the Greek dramatists. Her vision was wide, her method large and comprehensive. The derivation of this word or that, the use of Old English or Saxon, changes in etymology, the sources of the various plots—in short, what David Crockett called “the grammar and geography and conchology” of the plays—did not interest her so much as their inner life and meaning. She seemed to saturate herself with the play, as it were; to live in it; to call into imaginative consciousness the loves, hopes, fears, ambition, disappointment, and despair of the characters, and under this intense realization to divine, as it were, the meaning of the play—“its unity,” as she said—its *motif*. For that “unity,” that *motif*, she made unremitting and earnest search. She found it by a process of judgment, of searching and comparing, of weighing and balancing, of induction and intuition, of reasoning and insight. She found its intimations in obscure passages, in unimportant utterances, apparently void of significance. To her every word was weighted. “There is nothing superfluous,” she said, “in any of these plays, the greatest product of the human mind; nothing which could have been dispensed with. Every character is necessary; every word is full of meaning.”

Miss Bacon not unfrequently spoke of having seen Shakespeare in theatrical representation; but what the play was or who were the actors is forgotten, if it were ever known to the writer. I do not think she ever saw Booth. She always spoke of her experience in theatre-going as a disappointment, and said that she did not care to go again. “It is impossible to put Shakespeare on the stage in a way to satisfy one’s expectations,” she would say. “Nothing can equal the imagination.”

Her theory of the authorship of the Shakespearian drama she did not arrive at until she had given up her classes and devoted herself to lecturing. I well remember the private interview in which she announced that theory to one of her pupils. This was before 1850. It was not until several years thereafter that she gave it to the public through *Putnam's Magazine*.

SARAH EDWARDS HENSHAW.

THE EDITORS OF SHAKESPEARE.

XVII. CHARLES KNIGHT.



CHARLES KNIGHT, whose name is one of the most familiar on the list of the editors of Shakespeare, was born at Windsor, England, on March 15, 1791. His father was a bookseller and printer. He was educated at Ealing, and afterwards adopted his father's business.

He edited and published a large number of works, among the principal of which may be named: *Capital and Labor*, 18mo.; London, pictorially illustrated, 1841-44, six vols., royal 8vo.; *Cyclopædia of the Industry of all Nations*, 1851, 8vo.; *Geography of the British Empire*, 1853, two vols. imperial 8vo.; *Half Hours with the Best Authors*, 1847-48, four vols. 8vo.; *Half Hours of English History*, 1853, two vols.; *Knowledge is Power*, etc., 1855, 8vo.; *Life of Caxton*, 18mo.; *National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge*, 1847-51, two vols.; *Old England*, 4to.; *Once Upon a Time*, 1854, two vols. 12mo.; *Pictorial Half Hours*, two vols.; *Shilling Volumes for All Readers*, 1844-49, one hundred and eighty-six vols. 18mo.; *Store of Knowledge*, 1841, imperial 8vo.; *The Land We Live In*, 1848, four vols. imperial 8vo.; *The Old Printer and the Modern Press*, 1854, 8vo., and *Shadows of Old Booksellers*, 1865.

After a long and useful life he died at Addlestone, Surrey, on March 9th, 1873.

In 1838 Knight commenced the publication of his first edition of Shakespeare. This was in eight volumes, royal octavo, and was originally issued in parts. The title-page of the first volume is as follows:—

The Pictorial Edition of the Works of Shakespeare. Edited by Charles Knight. Histories. Vol. I. London: Charles Knight & Co.

It is well printed on tinted paper, in double columns, except the introductory notices, and it is especially noticeable for the beauty of its illustrations. These are on wood, and are fine specimens of wood-engraving for the time when they were published. Many of the pictures represent costumes, armor, architecture, etc., of the period covered by the plays, and are archæologically correct. Never had Shakespeare's plays been so well illustrated before. Boydell had published a magnificent edition of the poet's works, with steel plates after the foremost painters of his day; but they chose scenes from the plays, and their illustrations are of little value, except as of examples of British art at the commencement of the nineteenth century. Knight, however, entered into the true spirit and purpose of illustrating Shakespeare pictorially, and his edition at once received the recognition it deserved.

The plays are divided into three classes—Histories, Comedies, and Tragedies—and are arranged according to Knight's idea of their chronological order in each class, except that in the case of the first class the historical order has been preserved. Each play is preceded by an elaborate "introductory notice" which contains much information as to the date and plot, the state of the text, etc. These are admirably written, and are one of the most valuable features of the work.

Knight's text closely follows that of the First Folio. In carrying out this he has often neglected the better reading of the Quartos, but his text is one of the purest that had then appeared.

The notes are at the foot of the page, but what are called "illustrations" (in reality, additional notes) are printed at the end of each act. The "supplementary notice" which follows each play is a pleasantly-written æsthetic essay on the drama in question.

Knight printed the poems, accompanied by elaborate comment, and also gave the "doubtful plays." The volume which contains the latter also has a long appendix, consisting mainly of "a history of opinion on the writings of Shakespeare," which must have cost Knight much labor and time to prepare. This was afterwards added to and published, with other matter, in an octavo volume by itself, under the title of *Studies of Shakespeare*, 1849.

The eighth volume is wholly taken up with a life of Shakespeare, which is also largely a history of the customs, manners, theatres, contemporaries, etc., of the poet's time. In this work, which is very well known, the author did not tie himself down to bare facts, but gave free rein to his imagination. As a chronicle of what *might* have happened to the poet and what he probably did, the people he was likely to have met, etc., this is not surpassed by anything which has been written on the subject. But those who wish to ascertain what we *really* know of Shakespeare must consult other books.

The "Pictorial Edition" was several years in passing through the press, owing to the manner of its publication; and at the end of the second volume of the Tragedies (which is really the sixth volume of the work) there is printed a "postscript." This is dated December 21, 1841, and Knight there said:—

It is now more than three years since I commenced the publication of "The Pictorial Edition of Shakespeare" in monthly parts, and during that period I have produced a part on the first day of each month, with a single exception. The task of editing this work has been to me a most agreeable one. It has been absorbing enough to require my daily attention, to occupy my habitual thoughts, to shut out dark forebodings, to lighten the pressure of instant evils. It has furnished me a useful and honourable occupation, which has not been less zealously pursued because it was associated with the discharge of duties not so pleasurable. . . . It is my intention—and the intention has long been cherished—to commence the publication early in 1842 of a new edition of "The Works of Shakespeare, edited by Charles Knight." This will *not* be a "pictorial edition" in the former sense of the term, although those wood-engravings will be introduced which really illustrate the author better than any verbal explanations.

The edition thus announced appeared in twelve volumes, octavo, in 1842–44. The title-page to Volume I reads:—

The Comedies, Histories, Tragedies, and Poems of William Shakespeare. Edited by Charles Knight. [Here follows an extract from Udall's Preface to *Erasmus's Apothegms*.] The Second Edition. Volume I. London: Charles Knight & Co., Ludgate Street. MDCCCLXII.

It is a very well-printed book, and has long been a favorite edition of the poet's works. It is in the main a reprint of the "Pictorial Edition," omitting many of the illustrations of that work; but Knight announced that he would collate the Quartos especially for this edition. However, this did not materially affect his text, and it is virtually the same as that in the former work. The latter is often called the "Library Edition."

The "Pictorial Edition" appears to have been either stereotyped or electrotyped, for a later issue of it appeared about 1864-67 which was evidently printed from the same plates. Slight changes in the text and notes were made by cutting the plates. The illustrations are far inferior to those in the original "Pictorial Edition," as the plates had become worn.

It will be seen by the above list that Knight's editions have been great favorites with the public, and their number is truly surprising. As before stated, his text is a very pure one; and the reverence with which he regarded Shakespeare is a very agreeable contrast to the patronizing spirit displayed by many of the editors of the former century. His essays on the plays are charmingly written, and the disquisitions on the text, etc., are scholarly and able. Knight did much to make Shakespeare's works appreciated and understood by the great mass of the reading public, and deserves in perpetuity the praise facetiously bestowed on him by a contemporary who, when the editor was leaving the room, called out, "Good Knight!"

J. PARKER NORRIS.

A School of Shakespeare.

For his bounty.
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping.

—*Antony & Cleopatra*, V, ii, 86.

HENRY VI.—PARTS II. AND III.



IT is difficult to withdraw the mind from the enthusiastic contemplation of Joan of Arc, of her womanliness, of her purity, of her unswerving faith, of her grand, self-sacrificing patriotism, that love of fatherland and of freedom which is so strong a characteristic of the women as of the men of our race; for we may fairly claim that Joan was by blood-descent neither a Gaul nor a Roman, but a Teuton, since Lorraine or Lothringen was originally and has always remained Germanic in blood and in speech.

And remembering that fact we may, by no great stretch of either imagination or probability, claim Joan, the heroine of the left bank of the Rhine, the victor in one of the world's decisive battles, the deliverer of her land and the martyr to its liberty, as of the same blood by long descent with the majestic Thusnelda, the heroic wife of the hero Arminius, who, fourteen hundred and twenty years before Joan appeared before Orleans, having left her degenerate father's house for the man of her heart in the depths of the Saxon forest, had nerved him to that tremendous battle wherein he exterminated the three legions of Varus, turned back forever from the right bank of the Rhine the onward march of victorious Rome,

and saved from conquest that race whose mission in the world is freedom. Joan perished at the stake in the swift agony of fire; Thusnelda, torn by her own father's contrivance from her husband's side, bearing in her bosom his yet unborn son, died in the slow anguish of captivity, a prisoner to Rome. Such is the price of liberty. And as we think of Thusnelda inspiring Arminius against the Romans; as we think of Joan rousing her dispirited countrymen against the English invaders led astray from the path of freedom into the path of oppression by the lust of conquest, that besetting sin of a strong, high-spirited people, there rises before our mind's eye the figure of another great woman of our blood by whom another decisive blow for freedom and progress was struck in the history of the world, when, under Queen Elizabeth's leadership, one hundred and fifty-nine years after Joan raised the siege of Orleans, the bold sea-dogs of old England destroyed the great Armada, in 1588, and broke the maritime supremacy of Spain forever.

All honor to the women of our race! May the generations yet unborn continue to suck in with their mother's milk the sacred thirst for freedom, the sacred aspiration to God. (See Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*, and for the Armada see also Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* Green's *History of England* and Froude's *History of England*.)

Some of our critics are inclined to reject *1 Henry VI*, as not the work of Shakespeare; others, apparently more keen-eyed still, tell us just what Shakespeare wrote in the three *Parts*, and where he stopped, and where Marlowe, or Greene, or Peele took up the pen. By common consent these plays are classed among Shakespeare's earliest and immature productions, and those who are not endowed with the sagacity extraordinary of these critics, find no more difficulty in believing that Shakespeare wrote both *Henry VI* and *King Lear* than they find in believing that Byron wrote both *Hours of Idleness* and *Childe Harold*. Certainly the brief death-scene of Cardinal Beaufort (*2 Henry VI*: III, iii) would do no discredit to the mature powers of any poet; for its thirty-three lines are instinct equally with awfulness and power. Shakespeare's life-endings (see SHAKESPEARIANA for January, 1884)

range through nearly all the aspects of death, from the stealthy horror of the murderer, creeping upon his tranquil victim, to the stern joy of the warrior, who "consents to death, but conquers agony."

We feel that Arthur's fatal leap for liberty has perhaps saved him from a death more cruel still; we are almost glad when King Lear has gone where no one can "upon the rack of this rough world stretch him out longer"; we have a feeling of something like satisfied justice when Othello smites the dagger into his own heart; but in that midnight walk of Lady Macbeth there is the dreadfulness of the death that is alive, of the soul already at the bar of eternity; and so the great Cardinal Beaufort lying upon his bed is no longer among men; we see him, but he is not there; his hell already surrounds him and envelops him from the world at his side.

Cardinal. Bring me unto my trial when you will.

Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live, whether they will or no?

O, torture me no more! I will confess.

Alive again? then show me where he is:

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.

Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

King. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

O, beat away the busy meddling fiend

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair!

Warwick. See how the pangs of death do make him grin!

Salisbury. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

King. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!

Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.

He dies and makes no sign. O God, forgive him!

Warwick. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;

And let us all to meditation.

Two portentous figures, like evil spirits of strife and hate, loom gradually up out of the mist of blood that hangs over the vast battle-field of the wars of the Roses as depicted by Shakespeare, Margaret of Anjou and Richard the Third. Margaret appears in all four parts of this prolonged drama, Richard in three; Margaret's portrait is true neither to the life nor the character of the historical queen of Henry VI, while Richard seems much the same in Shakespeare as in the pages of Sir Thomas More; his monstrosity is historical.

Mrs. Jameson is so much offended at the delineation of Margaret that she declines to consider it as a creation of Shakespeare; just as by similar reasoning she rejects Joan of Arc as Shakespeare's work. She says:—

Among the arguments against the authenticity of these plays, the character of Margaret of Anjou has not been adduced, and yet to those who have studied Shakespeare in his own spirit, it will appear the most conclusive of all. When we compare her with his other female characters, we are struck at once by the want of family likeness; Shakespeare was not always equal, but he had not two *manners*, as they say of painters. I discern his hand in particular parts, but I cannot recognize his spirit in the conception of the whole: he may have laid on some of the colors, but the original design has a certain hardness and heaviness very unlike his usual style. Margaret of Anjou, as exhibited in these tragedies, is a dramatic portrait of considerable truth, and vigor, and consistency—but she is not one of Shakespeare's women. He who knew so well in what true greatness of spirit consisted—who could excite our respect and sympathy even for a Lady Macbeth, would never have given us a heroine without a touch of heroism; he would not have portrayed a high-hearted woman, struggling unsubdued against the strangest vicissitudes of fortune, meeting reverses and disasters such as would have broken the most masculine spirit, with unshaken constancy, yet left her without a single personal quality which would excite our interest in her bravely endured misfortunes; and this, too, in the very face of history. He would not have given us, in lieu of the magnanimous queen, the subtle and accomplished French woman, a mere "Amazonian trull," with every coarse feature of depravity and ferocity; he would have redeemed her from unmingled detestation; he would have breathed into her some of his own sweet spirit—he would have given the woman a soul.—*Characteristics of Women*, pp. 398, 399.

In reply, it may be objected that Shakespeare did not "breathe into her his own sweet spirit," because he did not intend to portray a sweet

woman; and it may be pertinently suggested that whether Shakespeare was producing original work of his own, or was retouching old plays, he would be apt to remain true to the fixed national prejudice which seems never to have forgiven Margaret for being the occasion of the loss of Maine and Anjou, for being connected in some way with the murder, as it was commonly regarded, of the "good Duke Humphrey," and for being a contributing cause to the overthrow and death of the pious son of the heroic Henry V. To the masses she was the "she-wolf of France," an adulterous wife, and the mother of a prince of doubtful legitimacy; that is the light in which she is beheld in these plays, though hostile tradition and not history is its source.

As to the manner of presenting her character and its consequent development, Mrs. Jameson says she "cannot recognize Shakespeare's spirit in the conception of the whole." Would not the same objection apply to Goneril, who is yet Cordelia's sister? Margaret is introduced to us (*1 Henry VI: V, iii*) as a young and beautiful woman—

She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won—

who promptly barter herself to one man for another man's crown, who then permits and returns the illicit passion which dishonors herself and the weak husband whom she despises but cannot do without, and who proceeds speedily and mercilessly to strike down the Duke of Gloucester, the chief obstacle in the way of her almost absolute sway with her guilty favorite. She has a soul, but one very much at the disposal of her body. And is she not as much "one of Shakespeare's women" as Goneril? Likewise "beautiful," likewise "to be won"?

Goneril, impelled by the lust of power, drives her white-haired father out into the storm and night, hoping for his death and the consequent relief from constraint to herself; that is the first decisive overt step; the next is logical in its sequence; impelled by her passionate lust for Edmund and stung by jealousy, she poisons her sister and plots her husband's death; thwarted in her bloody hopes, she takes

the next step, also logical enough, and that is self-murder. Goneril is not without a soul, and a very bad one it is; and she is one of Shakespeare's women; and her terrible significance is this, that unhappily she is not beyond the bounds of ordinary, or extraordinary, woman nature, as the disgusting details of our filth-exuding daily newspapers prove incontestably.

In *2 Henry VI*, then, we see Margaret as the debauched wife and the fiercely ambitious queen; what must be the effect of these two passions, unrestrained, upon the nature of any woman?

In *3 Henry VI*, we find her with a dead, disloyal love cankering her heart, with her contempt for her husband and her ambition as a queen increased, and added thereto the consuming rage of a mother who sees her child's rights and just expectations weakly given away by his imbecile father, and feels that the rival to her son for the succession to the throne is powerful, bold, and unscrupulous. That situation might easily be too strong a temptation for a good woman; for a bad one it is irresistible; and Margaret seems to have prayed, like another one of Shakespeare's women:—

Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief.—*Macbeth*, I, v.

It is for her husband's sake chiefly, in the opinion of some critics, that Lady Macbeth proffers this dreadful petition. Let us suppose that Lady Macbeth had seen that husband, whom she devotedly loved, butchered before her eyes by his ruthless rivals; is it probable that during the rest of her life she would have forgiven them, or would she have heaped curses on them? Our very holiest affections, misdirected or uncontrolled, may and do prove the greatest tempters to

crime, and swift guides to moral death. And so Margaret of Anjou, perverting the good that is in her, destroys herself; her very motherhood grows into the murderous instinct of the tigress; following the frenzied dictates of her blighted affections, she becomes in *Richard III* a symbol, as it were, of what she has been to others and is to herself, a curse incarnate; she is the avenging spirit of the bloody past, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children who continue the wrongdoing, and whelming in a common ruin innocent and guilty alike. Shakespeare has given Margaret a soul, and this soul develops itself from bad to worse, in accordance with the common experience of humanity, but we are startled to behold its full-grown deformity.

The practised hand which, in maturity of artistic perfection, drew Lady Macbeth and Goneril and Edmund and Iago, may well in its younger days have sketched Margaret of Anjou.

For further discussion of Margaret and of the plays, see Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women*, Lady Georgiana Fullerton's *A Stormy Life*, which is the story of the historical Margaret, from the fairness of her beautiful youth to the foulness of her diseased age; Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*; Dowden's *Shakspeare; His Mind and Art*; Gervinus's *Shakspeare Commentaries*; Gairdner's *Houses of Lancaster and York*; the extracts from the old chroniclers in the excellent edition of *Henry VI*, by Dr. W. J. Rolfe; and Bulwer's *Last of the Barons*. For development of character in opposition to Margaret's, compare Hermione of *The Winter's Tale*, Helena in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Isabella in *Measure for Measure*. *King René's Daughter*, from the Danish of Henrik Hertz, is the story, beautifully told, of Margaret's sister Yolande.

The three Parts of *Henry VI* will come up for discussion again in connection with *Richard III*.

WM. TAYLOR THOM.

Hollins Institute, Va.

Shakespeare Societies.

Confederates

To give him annual tribute, do him homage.

—*The Tempest*, I, ii, 111.

DECEMBER MEETING OF THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.—The President, Appleton Morgan, Esq., in the chair. The President said that during the vacation an episode of almost a century ago had repeated itself. It is all but a century ago that England was stirred into a literary excitement by the Shakespeare forgeries of William Henry Ireland. The Ireland business, while it set London agog, does not seem to have made an echo over here. The Donnelly *furor*, on the contrary, first captured New York, and now, it is understood, it is dominating London. Since the Donnelly Cipher and the Baconian Authorship were both to be attacked at the meeting, Mr. Morgan said it was proper that a Baconian should first be heard from. He then read a letter from the scholarly expounder of the Baconian hypothesis, Hon. Nathaniel Holmes, of Cambridge.

7 HOLYOKE PLACE,
CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Oct. 24, 1887.

APPLETON MORGAN, ESQ., New York.

Dear Sir—I have received your very courteous letter of the 17th inst., asking my views about Mr. Donnelly's cipher discovery. I have no hesitation in giving them for what they may be worth, and for such use as you may think proper to make of them.

As I understand, Mr. Donnelly has not discussed what he calls "the key" to his discovery or to his application or use of Bacon's cipher, but prefers to withhold it until his book appears. Of course, one cannot well

say in advance that there is nothing in it, or that no such discovery is possible, and so I suspend my judgment until I see what it is.

We know that discoveries are made every year that greatly surprise us, and which we would have been inclined to pronounce impossible.

In the meantime I am prepared to say this much about it—that the use of communications in cipher was quite common in Bacon's time, and especially in public affairs, and that Bacon gives in his works an example of a cipher invention of his own, to which Mr. Donnelly refers, but that I have found nothing in Bacon's writing or in that cipher that would lead me to imagine that he had made such use of it as that supposed by Mr. Donnelly, in so far as he has yet announced his discovery.

Moreover, such a use of any cipher by Bacon would greatly astonish me as inconsistent with any ideas I have been able to form of his character or his objects or motives, in reference to the plays, or the folio of 1623, and with what he himself said about "the lustre of his name and reputation."

In another point of view, considering that the folio was published in 1623, under the title of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," etc., if that were a *nom de plume*, as I think it was, however much it resembles the current name of "William Shakespere," or "Shaxper," as it was oftenest written and probably most usually pronounced by his friends, then, so far as the real author's name is concerned, it might very well be said that the whole volume was written in cipher, as you might say the same of Mr. Barry Cornwall's poems or the Waverley novels.

But it will require a very stringent kind of demonstration to convince me that Francis Bacon would ever think of resorting to such a device as that supposed by Mr. Donnelly's "key," whatever it may prove to be.

I have also noticed in the newspapers some account of the application of Bacon's cipher to the inscription on William Shakespeare's tomb, by Mr. Black and others, but whether the authors intend by writing such stuff, or the *North American Review* by publishing it, to throw ridicule on the Baconian theory, I don't know, but I feel quite certain that it can have no other effect.

I think I saw somewhere a copy of the original folio of 1623, with 1622 on the title-page, but not suspecting any tampering, it is probable that I did not scrutinize it very closely. In the course of my investigation I found that there were such irregularities in the printing of books in those days that a few copies might have been issued with the date of 1622 on the title-page—the year then ended on the 25th of March—which would be altered to 1623 for the rest. I think there are some other instances of that.

The facilities of printing offices at that day were rather limited. The printing and paging of this folio are such as to indicate that there was

some trouble about getting the copy in regular order, and perhaps their fonts of type were not extensive.

Another thing I will venture to remark is that when I received a circular of the "Great Cryptogram," and read over the "contents" of chapter 7 in the cipher, apparently showing what the cipher was going to tell us about Bacon, Shakespeare, Queen Elizabeth, Essex, Southampton, and sundry historical facts, all that struck me as no more the truth of history or of those personages, and indeed quite as fanciful as the reports of the spirit-rappers about the sayings and doings of the departed souls of certain distinguished persons—as when they make Daniel Webster, for instance, say things that are just what the rappers might think he would say, but what you and I know that Daniel Webster never could or would say, dead or alive, in this world or the other.

Yours truly,
NATHANIEL HOLMES.

Mr. Frey then read the paper of the evening, "The Donnelly Myth." He said that four years ago Mr. Donnelly had announced his alleged discovery, but up to date had only printed certain pages of an alleged-to-be-forthcoming book in the *North American Review*. Of this the London Baconian Society had remarked there was nothing in it that had not been perfectly familiar for at least a quarter of a century, and demanded that, if Mr. Donnelly had discovered a cipher, he forthwith produce it. He (the speaker) despaired, for one, of ever seeing that book; did not believe it would ever appear; or, if it did, that it would contain more than the *North American Review* papers had pretended to reveal. . . Mr. Frey then disposed of Mr. Donnelly's claims to personal ability to judge of the literature of the period in question, showing (1) that he is intensely ignorant of the idiom of the date; (2) is unfamiliar with the literature contemporary with the plays; (3) has never examined the typography of the printed books of that period; (4) nor the state of the art of printing; (5) nor the history of the text from which Hemings and Condell printed. The speaker presented the results of a careful study of contemporary printed books, which emphatically showed that irregular pagination was the rule rather than the exception—for example, Lee's *Theodosius* of 1684, is paged to 56; then 49 to 59; then 52 and 53, and so on. As to the nomenclature of the characters, how should Bacon happen to know the names of Warwickshire grooms, loafers, servants, and tinkers? And did Bacon buy Hemings and Condell (Shakespeare's fel-

lows and legatees) to keep silence when he doctored the First Folio? Mr. Fleming said that there was one fact in connection with the Baconian theory which was very suggestive; namely, the advocates of that theory do not advance, in its support, one single *positive* argument. Everything they assert is *negative*: Shakespeare was *not* a learned man; *not* a travelled man; was *not* familiar with the customs of aristocratic society; was *not* this, or that, or the other which the writer of the plays must have been, and therefore he (Shakespeare) could not have written them. And then they draw the conclusion (which does not at all follow from the premises) that Bacon must have written them. . . . Mr. Morgan said that there were a great many questions about the Shakespeare plays as to which he himself had been so positive on both sides that he was still in doubt. He thought the Baconians had made out a pretty good case so far as negative internal evidence went. . . . What the Baconians wanted was some external historical evidence not purely negative. He had expected that the Bacon Society of London, instead of confining itself to this internal evidence and the parallelisms, would have expended itself on more circumstantial matters—Bacon's London life; the companions of his early poverty; any connection or correspondence he may ever have had with any of Shakespeare's friends, actors, or theatres, etc. He thought that when the Baconians could show a probable case from the historical side they would be entitled to say, "The internal evidence we have already given you." But until then he (the speaker) must decline to yield his assent. . . . As to the way to treat this theory: Let us assume that it is true, and then try and find the reasons why it is true. Similarly let us deal with the cipher theory. Let us assume that Bacon put a cipher into the plays we call Shakespeare's, and then let us ask ourselves if anybody can read that cipher to-day? Have we any authentic copy; anything not marred by printers, actors, editors, commentators? The speaker did not believe Mr. Donnelly is insincere, because he had been at Mr. Donnelly's home and had seen evidences of too much hard work—but he did believe that Mr. Donnelly was mistaken; that what he has found is his own cipher, not Bacon's. . . . However, he was glad of the Donnelly theory; it had made thousands of new readers for Shake-

spere, and suggested new lines of study. Mr. W. H. Wyman said he had, in early days, considerable experience in a printing office, not only in type-setting but in reading proof and correcting it, and naturally he had looked at the cipher and its difficulties from a typographical point of view. Of course, the foundation of the theory, the corner-stone, as it were, is the peculiar pagination of the first folio. A careful examination of these pagings will leave the impression that they are nothing more nor less than ordinary blunders of the printer. The folio, as everyone knows, is an abominably printed book, even for that early day. For the capitals, italics, and punctuation there seems to have been no rule. The proof-reading was probably confined to the correction of the simplest mistakes. It bears throughout the evidence of so little care that it would be a wonder if it had been correctly paged. There are two ways in which the cipher would have been possible. First—*In the Manuscript*. To do this the cipher words would have to be “dotted and peppered” in their allotted numerical places in different parts of the page. Then the text of the play must be filled in around them, making a complete cipher page in manuscript; to preserve the cipher this page must be exactly reproduced in print. ^a It must commence and end with the same words, and it must be alike even to every point of punctuation. Second—*In the Proof*. The proof-reader, after making his computations to ascertain the proper numerical place of the cipher words, would be obliged to recast the play to a sufficient extent to introduce them. This, of course, would involve frequent changes and many proofs. The objections to the first are obvious. No author could prepare a series of manuscript pages of mixed poetry, prose, and stage directions, each of which would make an exact printed page, and no printer is skillful enough to exactly reproduce it. As to the second, it might not be impracticable for a cipher of moderate length—for instance, short sentences such as “Francis Bacon wrote these plays.” But, taken altogether, the difficulties of the whole thing are so stupendous, the proof-readings and corrections would be so interminable, the computation would have to be so exact, and the cipher so liable to be thrown out by dropping or even blurring so small a thing as a hyphen, that the mechanical difficulties render it next to impossible. While

a simple cipher might be possible, the speaker did not believe that human ingenuity and human patience are equal to one that is complicated and involved and forms a continuous story through many pages. Mr. Donnelly thinks (and of course this is natural) that we ought to wait for the elucidation which will be shown in his book. But he will pardon us for suggesting the difficulties as we see them, which, if he proves us to be wrong, will only make the work the more triumphant. The Rev. H. Leffingwell, a guest of the Society, said it did not seem right that the Bacon theory should be without an advocate. He was a Baconian (though not, so far as the discovery had been announced, a cipherist). But still the Essays of Bacon to him read so like the Plays, and the Plays so like the Essays, that he could not fight against the belief that there was some connection in the authorship, and the Northumberland manuscript to him supplied the external proof. Mr. Charles F. Johnson, of the Chair of English in Trinity College, Hartford, was elected a non-resident member. The Chair announced that the paper for the next regular meeting, January 26th, 1888, would be "First Folios in New York and its vicinity,"* by Mr. William Fleming.

A LIST OF SHAKESPEARE SOCIETIES.

THE following list of Societies known to be engaged in reading Shakespeare is arranged alphabetically by Post-Office address. The nature of each Club is indicated by 1 Social, 2 Dramatic, 3 Reading, 4 Literary, 5 Class for Study, or 6 Society for Special Research. Some curious Clubs that hardly may be placed under the usual classifications have come to light; the "Club of Two," for instance, described in this magazine (September, '87, p. 406), which has two Post-Office addresses, and whose proceedings are carried on entirely by correspondence, and the "Snow Blockade Club," reported by Rev. A. S. Kemper, of Laneboro, Minn., which is held in a log-cabin in the woods of Southern Minnesota, on cold stormy nights in winter, after the ranch work is done. We should be glad to hear, promptly, from the many other Shakespeare Clubs there doubtless are which remain unreported here. The larger Societies, issuing publications, are printed in capital letters. The dash horizontal in the eighth column means that decided opposition is felt to the Baconian theory. It will be seen that few members of the Clubs here reported have lost allegiance to William Shakespeare.

* This paper of Mr. Fleming's was prepared, by request, for publication in this magazine, and will appear in the March number.

Post-Office Address.	Name of Club.	Kind.	Date of origin.	Meetings.	No. of M'brs.	No. of Baco- nian.	Library.	Leader or President.
ADELAIDE, Australia.....	SHAKESPEARE SO- CIETY.	4	1886		..	..		
Albion, N. Y.....	Historical Conversa- tion Club.	1, 4	1878	weekly.	..	—		Mr. E. T. Coann.
Ashland, Pa.....	Shakespeare Club.....	3, 4	1882	weekly.	..	—		Prof. J. H. Michner.
Aurora (Wells College), N. Y.	Shakespeare Reading Club.	3, 5	1882		..	—	Coll. Li- brary.	Miss H. F. Smith—Prin- cipal Wells College.
Austin (Univ. of Texas), Texas.	Shakespeare Class.....	5	1883	bi-weekly.	..	—		Prof. Leslie Wagener.
Baltimore, Md.....	Baltimore Shakes- peare Club.	1, 3, 4	1885	fr'nightly.	20	1		H. P. Goddard, Esq.
Beverly, N. J.....	Bev. Shakes. Club.....	3, 4	1885	fr'nightly.	10	..		Miss A. Vallance.
Birkenhead, England.....	Shakespeare Society (in union with New Shak. Society.)	4			..	..		Rev. W. Binns.
Birmingham, England.....	Shak. Reading Club.....	3			..	..		Wm. Hillman, Esq., Sec.
Boston, Mass.....	Athenas Therapies.....	4	1881	weekly.	10	1	11 vols.	Wm. V. Higgins, Esq., S.
"	The Furness Club.....	4, 5	1888		..	..	ref. b'ks.	H. H. Heard, Esq.
"	Shakespeare Clubs.....	5			..	..		Dr. W. J. Rolfe.
"	Shakespeare Classes.....	5			..	..		Miss H. P. Hersey.
BRISTOL, England.....	CLIFTON SHAK. SOCI- ETY (in union with New Sh. Society).	3, 4, 5	1876	fr'nightly.	15	—	307 vols.	L. M. Griffith, Esq., Sec.
Cambridge, Mass.....	Old Cambridge Shak. Association.	1, 3, 4	1882	fr'nightly.	..	—		Rev. G. Z. Gray.
CHAPEL HILL (Univ. N. C.), N. C.	SH. CLUB OF UNIV. OF N. C.	4, 6	1886	fr'nightly.	75	—	25 vols.	Prof. Thos. Hume, Jr., D.D.
Charleston, S. C.....	Shakespeare Club.....	3, 5	1886	weekly.	20	—	Coll. ref. b'k's be- gun.	Miss A. E. Phinekey.
Christiansburgh (Montgo- mery Fem. Coll.), Va.	Shakespeare Soc. (in union with New Sh. Soc.)				..	..		Miss V. O. Wardlow.
Cincinnati (Avondale), O.	Progress Club.....	1, 2, 4		weekly.	..	..		Mrs. G. H. DeGolyer.
Clarksville, Tenn.....	Shakespeare Club.....	2, 4	1885	fr'nightly.	..	..		G. M. Bell, Esq.
Clinton (Hamilton Coll.), N. Y.	Elective Class.....	5		bi-weekly.	..	—		Prof. A. S. Hoyt.
College Hill (Somerville), Mass.	Shakespeare Club.....	3	1878	weekly.	16	—		Miss Helen L. Mellin— Lab'n Tufts Coll.
Columbus, O.....	Sh. Dramatic Club.....	1, 2, 3	1871	monthly.	..	..		Mrs. J. P. McAllister.
Columbus (Ohio State Univ.), O.	Vassar Correspond'ce Club.	5			..	..		Mrs. G. W. Knight.
Concord, N. H.....	Avon Club.....	3, 5	1883	weekly.	16	—		Mrs. James Minot.
"	Junior Club.....	1, 4	1883	weekly.	16	—		Miss Edith Minot.

Post-Office Address.	Name of Club.	Kind.	Date of origin.	Meetings.	No. of Baco- nian.	Library.	Leader or President.
Lexington, Tenn.....	Shakespeare Club.....	1, 4	1877	bi-weekly.	..	Coll. Lib.	Mrs. M. M. Hodges.
Lewisston College, N. Y.....	P. V. K. Sh. Club.....	1, 2	1887	fr'nightly.	..		L. O. Murray, Esq.
Little Rock, Ark.....	Shakespeare Club.....	1, 3, 4		fr'nightly.	..		Mr. Ratcliffe.
Lockhaven, Pa.....	Shak. Reading Club.....	1, 3	1873	monthly.	300	50 vols.	Miss L. R. Perkins.
LONDON, England.....	NEW SHAKSPEARE SOC.			fr'nightly.	..	Issued.	F. J. Furnivall, Esq., D. " (M.A., Ph. D.)
Liverpool (Royal Institu- tion—in union with new Sh. Soc.), England.	The Sunday Sh. Soc. (in union with new Sh. Soc.)	4, 6			..		T. H. Hall Catue, Esq.
Lynchburg (High School), Va.	Notes and Queries Soc.				..		
Manchester, England.....	Shakspeare Class.....	5	1885	bi-w'kly.	45	25	Frank Roane, Esq.
" Owens Coll..	Literary Club (in union with New Sh. Soc.)	1, 4			..		J. H. Nodall, Esq.
Maryville (Maryville Coll.), Tenn.	Shakspeare Soc. (in union with New Sh. Soc.)	4			..		C. H. Herford, Esq.
Medford, Mass.....	Shakspeare Class.....	5	1886	dally for 2 months.	8	Library begun.	Prof. S. T. Wilson.
MELBOURNE (University), Australia.	Shakspeare Club.....	3	1867	weekly.	10		Mrs. C. V. Bemis.
Montreal, Canada	SHAKESPEARE SOC.....	1, 4, 6			..		Prof. E. E. Morris.
Nashua, N. H.....	Mont. Sh. Club.....	1, 3, 4, 5	1881	weekly.	20		F. T. Short, Esq.
Nashville, Tenn.....	" Ladies' Sh. Club.	4, 5	1885	weekly.	20		Mrs. Murray.
New Albany, Ind.....	Shakspeare Club.....	4, 5	1885	weekly.	14		Miss D. N. Spalding.
New Orleans, La.....	The Query Club.....	4, 5	1885	weekly.	35	Library begun.	Mrs. C. M. Harris.
New York, N. Y.....	Shakspeare Club.....	1, 4	1885	fr'nightly.	..		Prof. C. F. Coffin.
(Columbia College.).....	Shakspeare Club.....	2	1885	monthly.	..		B. Onorato, Esq.
Norfolk, Va.....	Shak. Soc. of N. Y.....	6	1885	fr'nightly.	..	2-3000 v's	A. Morgan, Esq.
Northumberland (Normal High School), Pa.	Fortnightly Sh. Club.	1, 3, 5	1887	weekly.	..		Mrs. A. R. Diehl.
Norwich-Town (Successor to Norwich Sh. Club), Conn.	Columbia Coll. Sh. Cl. Shakspeare Club.....	3, 4	1884	weekly.	..		Clarence H. Young, Esq.
Oakland, Cal.....	Shakspeare Class.....	1, 2			20		Hon. D. T. Brooke,
	Shakspeare Club.....	5	1887	weekly.	25		Mrs. H. T. Clark.
	Locke-Richardson Sh. Club.	3, 4	1886	fr'nightly.	25	Coll. ref. b's, 12 v's.	Miss C. Bacheiler.
					..		Prof. C. B. Bradley.

Post-Office Address.	Name of Club.	Kind.	Date of origin.	Meetings.	No of Members.	Library.	Leader or President.
Penn Yan, N. Y.	Shakespeare Class.	5					Mrs. M. F. Sheppard.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.	SHAKESPEARE SOC.	1, 4, 6	1872	weekly.	10		H. H. Furness, Esq., Ph. D.
"	Phila. Sh. Soc.	2, 5	1883	weekly.	9		A. M. Beveridge, Esq.
"	Rufus Adams Sh. Club	5	1881	weekly.	14		Miss S. G. Fitz, Sec.
"	The IX. Sh. Club.	5			9	Share in Phila. Libra.	Miss M. A. Ashmead.
"	West Phila. Sh. Club.	5	1882	weekly.	20	Ref. b's, 12 vls.	Mrs. G. Q. Brown.
"	Shak. Rd'g Club.	3, 5	1888	fr'nightly.	3		Miss H. B. Henderson.
(New Century Guild.)	Sh. Literature Class.	5	1882	bi-m'thly.	50-60		Mrs. L. G. Keyes.
(Univ. of Pa.)	Senior Elect. Eng. Cl's	5		tri-w'kly.	12		Prof. J. G. R. McElroy.
Portland, Me.	Shakespeare Class.	4, 5	1889	weekly.	8		Mrs. H. A. Deering.
Quincy, Ill.	Friends in Council Sh. Chapter.	4, 5	1868	weekly.	8		Mrs. A. B. McMahon, (leader by corresp.)
Rochester, N. Y.	Rochester Shak. Soc.	3	1865	fr'nightly.	14		Hon. J. L. Angell.
St. Petersburg, Russia	Shakespeare Circle.	1, 4	1886	fr'nightly.	14		Rev. W. Nicholson.
San Francisco, Cal.	Avon Shak. Soc.	1, 4, 5	1881	weekly.	20		O. W. Jackson, Esq.
"	Channing Auxiliary Sh. Class.	5			23		Miss E. B. Easton.
Santa Barbara, Cal.	Shakespeare Club.	1, 3, 4			18		A. N. Eddy, Esq., Sec.
Seneca Falls, N. Y.	Shakespeare Soc.	3, 5	1883	weekly.	28	Library begun.	Mrs. Horace Slisby.
Stratford-on-Avon, Eng'd.	Shak. Mem. Liby. Soc.		1881			2500 vols.	Charles E. Flower, Esq.
Topeka, Kan.	Avon Shak. Club.	2, 4	1887	fr'nightly.	—		Mrs. T. J. Kellam, Sec.
"	Occidental Club.	4	1887	fr'nightly.	20		Mrs. A. B. McMahon, (leader by corresp.)
"	Friends in Council.				40	20 refer. books.	Rev. Dr. A. W. Ryan.
Warren, Pa.	Shakespeare Club.	2, 5	1884	weekly.			Karl Decker, Esq.
Washington, D.C.	Rob't Downing Sh. Clb.	2, 3, 5	1886	bi-m'thly.			F. R. Lane, Ph. D.
(High School.)	Shakespeare Class.	1, 3, 5	1872	fr'nightly.	200		E. B. Hay, Esq.
Waterbury, Conn.	Shakespeare Club.	5					Rev. F. T. Russell.
(St. Margaret's School)	SH. GESELLSCHAFT.	6	1865				R. Kohler Libn.
WELFAR, Germany	Shakespeare Soc. of Wellesley Coll.	4, 5	1876	monthly.	40	Coll. Li. brary.	Miss W. Goodwin.
Wellesley (College), Mass.	Wellesley Coll.						Wm. Lelghorn, Jr., Esq.
Wheeling, W. Va.	Welling Sh. Club.	1, 4	1874	fr'nightly.	25-50		Dr. Edwin L. Scott.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	Shakespeare Soc.	1, 5	1880	weekly.	30		Rev. C. H. Hawkins, M.A.
WINCHESTER (College in union with New Sh. Soc.), England.	WINCOL. COLL. SHAK. Soc.	1, 5, 6	1862	weekly.	142		
Winona, Minn.	Shakespeare Club.	1, 4		weekly.	15		Miss Cary Bohn, Sec.
Worcester, Mass.	"						

Reviews.

Observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book.

—*Much Ado About Nothing*, IV, i, 167.

The Works of William Shakespeare, in reduced fac-simile from the famous first Folio edition of 1623. With an introduction by J. O. Halliwell-Phillips. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1887.



HEN this edition was first announced we were in hopes that at last a good fac-simile of Folio 1 was to appear, but unfortunately such is not the case. The book is simply a reproduction (probably from the same plates) of the edition issued by Chatto & Windus in 1876; and any one not satisfied with the Booth reprint, must, as heretofore, if he cannot afford to procure the original, endeavor to secure the folio Staunton fac-simile—in itself an expensive work. The present fac-simile is intended, so say the publishers, to assist the reader in tracing the cipher discoveries of Mr. Donnelly, but are they not aware that for just such purposes a very clear text is absolutely necessary, and not one akin to a blur? The volume is tastefully bound, and is printed on fine white paper.

The Shakespeare Classical Dictionary; or, Mythological Allusions in the Plays of Shakespeare Explained. For the use of schools and Shakespeare reading societies. By H. M. Selby. London: Redway. 1887.

MR. SELBY has ventured upon new ground, and his book must prove to be useful to the student of Shakespeare. It consists of an alphabetical arrangement of classical personages and localities alluded

to by the poet, and appended is a list of quotations employed by him. "Such a work as this," the author remarks, "can, in the nature of things, be little more than a compilation from classical authors and books of reference," which may be true enough, nevertheless he may not be aware that the subject has been so slightly handled heretofore, that his own book could have been enlarged to four times its present size, and yet not cover the ground sufficiently. We like Mr. Selby's work, and we hope that he will consult the volumes of mythology and folk-lore by Bell, Halliwell, Drake, Tschischwitz, and Thisleton-Dyer, and not omit their valuable suggestions in a future edition—which latter we trust will be demanded before long.

Shakespeare. Edited by William Cullen Bryant, assisted by Evert E. Duyckinck. One hundred original designs by Darley and Chappel. New York : Johnson & Stoddart. 1887-88.

FIFTEEN PARTS, or about two-thirds, of this new edition have been thus far issued, and the work retains its original excellence. "Every syllable of this edition," says Mr. Bryant, in his preface, "has passed under my eye, and been considered and approved by me." The text followed is that of the 1623 Folio, and brief notes are given, principally devoted to variations from that text. The introductions to the several plays are very brief, the Cambridge edition having been followed. Four illustrations accompany each part; they are produced by the photogravure process, the reader thus obtaining the artist's work as it comes from his hands, without the intervention of the engraver.

Literary Notes.

When comes your book forth?
Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.

—*Timon of Athens*, I, i, 26.

ONE OF THE MOST useful sketch-plans we have seen for a serious and attractive study of the English Drama in literary clubs is Mrs. Anna B. McMahon's *Outlines of the English Drama*. It is carefully adapted to stimulate and direct the efforts of study classes, and is, indeed, the fruit of several years' experience in directing from a distance and by correspondence the reading and study of a number of clubs that have placed themselves under her guidance. A club of twenty members, the "Occidental," of Topeka, Kansas, are now using the lessons given in this pamphlet. Of these lessons, fifteen in number, two preliminary ones of importance take up the "Social History of the Early English Drama" and "Christopher Marlowe," four on *The Merchant of Venice* follow, and three on *Macbeth*, Shakespeare's "Art and Place in Literature," "Middleton and Rowley," "Jonson and Massinger," and the "Second Period of English Drama," are next considered, and then the series fitly closes with lessons on the "Principles of Dramatic Composition" and the "Conditions requisite to a National Drama." Their design, as their author explains it, is "to acquaint the student with the English Drama by means of the *direct* study of its masterpieces. They aim to look closely at a few great works, and to "fix the attention on literature itself rather than on what has been said about literature;" and it is one of their most attractive features that they are intended, in great degree, for conversational treatment—"the more

frank and informal the better." Titles of a few appropriate reference books accompany the lessons. It is pleasant to see that SHAKESPEARIANA has been of service on a number of subjects; and in the unusual attention Mrs. McMahon pays to the acting of the plays considered—a point as valuable as it is unusual to study in such classes—it is agreeable to us to note that the accounts of acting given in *The Drama* in this magazine have been made of especial use.

The English Drama. Outlines prepared for Study Classes. By Anna B. McMahon. Pamph., 20 pp., 100 copies privately printed. (A few copies may be had by clubs in search of material on this subject, by application to Mrs. McMahon, at 20 South Ingalls street, Ann Arbor, Michigan.)

It was our pleasant fortune to happen in upon the "Variorum" editor the other day, just as he was reading some proofs of the volume he now has in preparation—*The Merchant of Venice*. The proof of page 73 was among these, and this page, as it chanced, contained a note touching upon the Baconian theory in terms that show plainly enough Dr. Furness's judgment thereupon. He is not often inclined to express his opinion upon that barren topic, and we have heard his silence misunderstood, unjustly enough. So, when, in the course of conversation, this note was referred to, our "nose for news," as the reporters say, detected matter to put on record, and we laid siege to him to allow us to print this note of present interest in the current number of SHAKESPEARIANA. The claim we preferred was allowed, and here is the note. On this bit of the text—"I have here a dish of doves," says old Gobbo, "that I would bestow upon your worship"—the question follows: where did Shakespeare "obtain his numerous graphic touches of national manners? where did he learn of an old villager's coming into the city with a 'dish of doves' as a present to his son's master? A present thus given, and in our days too, and of doves, is not uncommon in Italy. [In Dixon's *Story of Lord Bacon's Life*, p. 98, Lady Anne Bacon tells her son Anthony that she sends him 'xij pigeons, my last flight, and one ringdove beside, and a black coney taken by John Knight this day, and pigeons, too, to-day.' This incident I am sure that I have seen, in some attempted proof that

Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays, cited, in conclusive answer to C. A. Brown's question, as the genuine dove-cote whence issued Gobbo's doves. I mistrust the fitness of spending any time in search for it. My editorial conscience is rendered placid by the simple allusion; merely begging to be allowed to remark that if Bacon wrote this passage, I fully respond to Pope's estimate of Bacon's baseness, and find herein even a lower depth, in thus introducing his Mother as a prototype of old Gobbo. One is sometimes inclined to say to those who dispute the authorship of these plays, as the Cockney did to the eels, 'down, wantons, down!' but a little calm reflection reveals to us that this attempt to dethrone Shakespeare, so far from being treason, or *lèse majesté*, is, in fact, most devout and respectful homage to him. In our sallad days, when first we begin to study Shakespeare, who does not remember his bewildering efforts to attribute to mortal hand these immortal plays? Then follows the fruitless attempt to discern in that Stratford youth, the Emperor, by the grace of God, of all Literature. In our despair of marrying, as Emerson says, the man to the verse, we wed the verse to the greatest known intellect of that age. Can homage be more profound? But, as I have said, this we do when we are young in judgment. The older we grow in this study, and the farther we advance in it, the clearer becomes our vision that, if the royal robes do not fit Shakespeare, they certainly do not, and cannot, fit any one else. Wherefore, I conceive that we have here a not altogether inaccurate gauge of the depth, or duration, or persistence of Shakespearian study, and, measuring by a scale of maturity, or growth, in this study, I have come to look upon all attempts to prove that Bacon wrote these dramas, merely as indications of youth, possibly of extreme youth, and that they find their comforting parallels in the transitory ailments incident to infancy, like the chicken-pox or the measles. The attack is pretty sure to come, but we know that it is neither dangerous nor chronic, that time will effect a cure, and that, when once well over it, there is no likelihood whatever of its recurrence."

Miscellany.

To knit again

This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf.

—*Titus Andronicus*, V, iii, 70.

SPEECH DAY AT SHAKESPEARE'S SCHOOL.—The festivities incident to Speech Day at King Edward, the Sixth's school, Stratford-on-Avon, may be said to have commenced on Monday, the 19th, when, at 3 P. M., a full-dress rehearsal of the dramatic portion of the next day's entertainment took place at the Corn Exchange. It is the earnest wish of the headmaster (the Rev. R. S. de C. Laffan), that this annual rendering of parts of one of Shakespeare's plays should afford pleasure and edification to all classes. Therefore the audience on the occasion of the dress rehearsal was composed of workingmen, their wives and children, various private schools in the town—notably the Kindergarten, the servants of the county people round about, and no less than thirty old men and women from the ancient almshouses, that were coeval with Shakespeare himself. Altogether about three hundred and seventy persons were present and followed the story of Macbeth with an intense interest and appreciation. On the following day the headmaster and Mrs. Laffan gave a luncheon party at 1 o'clock at the school-house, the guests being received at the head of the staircase by the headmaster and his staff, wearing their academic robes. Among those present were Sir Arthur and Lady Hodgson, Lady Laffan, Lieut. J. de C. Laffan, R. E. General and Mrs. Hutchinson, the Vicar of Stratford and Mrs. Arbuthnot, Mr. and Mrs. Crowdy, Mr. and Mrs. Annesley, Mrs. Edgar Flower, Prof. Culley, Mrs. C. C.

Trees, etc., etc. At 2.30 the party adjourned to the Corn Exchange, which was already crowded with an audience well representing both town and county, and amounting to something like four hundred people.

When Locke's overture to *Macbeth* was finished, to the roll of thunder and the flash of lightning, the curtain rose upon the "blasted heath." The three weird sisters were personated by Mr. C. Hall, Mr. Small, and Mr. C. Hastings; *Macbeth*, by Mr. A. Dennis; *Banquo*, by Mr. Philips; *Angus*, by Mr. C. Parri; *Ross*, by Mr. Hunt. Before the next scene came, an interlude, consisting of a procession of small pages bearing torches and preceded by the most delicious little Fool ever seen, in the person of Master Martyn Smith, aged eight. To the graceful melody of a new march this pretty pageant entered, and quickly arose a storm of applause that went near to drown the musicians' strains! The miniature jester was clothed in tight-fitting scarlet from head to foot, and on his head was a jester's hood with long scarlet ears, on the tips of which jingled tiny silver bells. With the entrance of Mr. H. Cox, as *Lady Macbeth*, the audience showed redoubled sympathy with the players. Last year the *Portia* of this talented boy was much commented on by the press, and assuredly his *Lady Macbeth* showed no falling off. The best piece of acting seen throughout was the sleep-walking scene, a most difficult thing for school-boys to tackle. In consequence of the illness of a schoolfellow, Mr. W. Hutchinson (aged 11), had to take the part of the *Gentlewoman*, and gave a most intelligent rendering of the rôle, while Mr. H. Samman played up to him excellently as the *Doctor*. Robed all in spotless white with here and there a touch of gold upon sword and girdle, *Lady Macbeth* made a truly picturesque figure, as she came slowly down the stage. At the words, "To bed—to bed—to—bed!" the curtain fell, but had to be raised again and again upon the young actors.

On account of the Baconian discussion Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's recent claims have awakened, an especial interest has been loyally felt this year in the customary Shakespearian representation by the boys of Shakespeare's school, in that

Favored spot of earth
That gave our gentle Shakespeare birth,

and not only the county people, but many visitors from London and Oxford were present.

Among other announcements made by the headmaster, the Rev. R. S. de C. Laffan, at the close of the play, was the gift of £100 by Mr. Charles Flower (to whose munificence Stratford-on-Avon is indebted for its Theatre, Bancroft Gardens, etc.) to help found a second scholarship, to be called "The Shakespeare." It was also announced that the schools had out-grown their class-buildings, and the Corporation were engaged in finding further accommodation for them; and that through the endeavors of Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, K.C.B. it was hoped that a third scholarship would be founded by friends in America to be called the "Washington Irving." To Mr. C. Hastings, second son of the Rev. Francis Hastings, vicar of Preston-upon-Stour, was awarded the prize for an essay upon "Traces of the influence of Stratford-on-Avon in the earliest group of Shakespeare's comedies."

A SHAKESPEARE MONUMENT.—Lord Ronald Gower is at present in Paris superintending the casting of the statues for the Shakespeare Monument which, when completed, he intends to present to the town of Stratford-on-Avon. The main figure will be a seated figure of Shakespeare in bronze on a lofty pedestal, at the base of which will be placed four statues, also in bronze, one at each corner. These figures will be Lady Macbeth, representing Tragedy; Hamlet, impersonating Philosophy; Prince Hal trying on the crown (Ambition); and Falstaff (Comedy). The casting is now nearly complete.

SELECTED REPRINTS.

PART X.—PREFACE TO THEOBALD'S EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.*—1733.



THE Attempt to write upon SHAKESPEARE is like going into a large, a spacious, and a splendid Dome thro' the Conveyance of a narrow and obscure Entry. A Glare of Light suddenly breaks upon you, beyond what the Avenue at first promis'd; and a thousand Beauties of Genius and Character, like so many Gaudy Apartments pouring at once upon the Eye, diffuse and throw themselves out to the Mind. The Prospect is too wide to come within the Compass of a single View: 'tis a gay confusion of pleasing Objects, too various to be enjoyed but in a general Admiration; and they must be separated and ey'd distinctly, in order to give the proper Entertainment.

And as in great Piles of Building, some Parts are often finish'd up to hit the Taste of the *Connoisseur*; others more negligently put together to strike the Fancy of a common and unlearned Beholder: some Parts are made stupendiously magnificent and grand, to surprize with the vast Design and Execution of the Architect; others are contracted, to amuse you with his Neatness and Elegance in little. So, in *Shakespeare*, we may find *Traits* that will stand the Test of the severest Judgment; and strokes as carelessly hit off, to the Level of the moreordinary Capacities: some Descriptions rais'd to that Pitch of Grandeur, as to astonish you with the Compass and Elevation of his Thought: and others copying Nature within so narrow, so confined a Circle, as if the author's Talent lay only at drawing in miniature.

* The Works of Shakespeare: in seven volumes, Collated with the Oldest Copies, and Corrected; with Notes, Explanatory, and Critical. By Mr. Theobald. London: Printed for A. Bettesworth and C. Hitch, J. Tonson, F. Clay, W. Flales, and R. Welling-ton. MDXXXIII.

In how many Points of Light must we be oblig'd to gaze at this great Poet! In how many Branches of Excellence to consider and admire him! Whether we view him on the Side of Art or Nature, he ought equally to engage our Attention: Whether we respect the Force and Greatness of his Genius, the Extent of his Knowledge and Reading, the Power and Address with which he throws out and applies either Nature, or Learning, there is ample Scope both for our Wonder and Pleasure. If his Diction, and the Cloathing of his Thoughts attract us, how much more must we be charm'd with the Richness and Variety of his Images and Ideas! If his Images and Ideas steal into our Souls, and strike upon our Fancy, how much are they improv'd in Price, when we come to reflect with what Propriety and Justness they are apply'd to Character! If we look into his Characters, and how they are furnish'd and proportion'd to the Employment he cuts out for them, how are we taken up with the Mastery of his Portraits! What Draughts of Nature! What Variety of Originals, and how differing each from the other! How are they dress'd from the stores of his own Luxurious Imagination: without being the apes of mode, or borrowing from any foreign Wardrobe! Each of Them are the Standards of Fashion for themselves: like Gentlemen that are above the Direction of their Tailors, and can adorn themselves without the aid of Imitation. If other Poets draw more than one Fool or Coxcomb, there is the same Resemblance in them, as in that Painter's Draughts, who was happy only at forming a Rose: you find them all younger Brothers of the same Family, and all of them have a Pretence to give the same Crest. But Shakespeare's Clowns and Fops come all of a different House: they are no further allied to one another than as man to man, Members of the same Species: but as different in Features and Lineaments of Character, as we are from one another in Face or Complexion. But I am unawares launching into his Character as a Writer, before I have said what I intended of him as a Private Member of the Republick. Mr. Rowe has very justly observ'd, that People are fond of discovering any little personal story of the Great Men of Antiquity: and that the Common Accidents of their Lives naturally become the subject of our critical Enquiries: That however trifling such a Curiosity at the first View may appear, yet, as for what relates to Men of Letters, the Knowledge of an author may, perhaps, sometimes conduce to the better understanding his Works. And indeed this Author's Work, from the bad Treatment he has met with from his Editors, have so long wanted a Comment, that one would zealously embrace every Method of Information, that could contribute to recover them from the Injuries with which they have so long lain o'erwhelm'd.

'Tis certain, that if we have first admired the Man in his Writings, his Case is so circumstanc'd, that we must naturally admire the Writings in the Man. That if we go back to take a View of his Education, and the Employment in Life which Fortune had cut out for him, we shall retain the stronger Ideas of his extensive Genius. His Father, we are told, was a considerable Dealer in Wool; but having no fewer than ten Children, of whom our *Shakespeare* was the eldest, the best education he could afford

him was no better than to qualify him for his own Business and Employment. I cannot affirm with any Certainty how long his Father liv'd, but I take him to be the same Mr. *John Shakespeare* who was living in the Year 1599, and who then, in Honour of his Son, took out an Extract of his Family-Arms from the Herald's Office, by which it appears, that he had been Officer and Bailiff of *Stratford*, and that he enjoy'd some hereditary Lands and Tenements, the Reward of his Great Grandfather's faithful and approved Service to King *Henry VII.*

Be this as it will, our *Shakespeare*, it seems, was bred for some Time at a Free-School; the very Free-School, I presume, founded at *Stratford*, where, we are told, he acquired what Latin he was Master of; but that his Father being oblig'd, thro' Narrowness of Circumstance, to withdraw him too soon from thence, he was so unhappily prevented from making any Proficiency in the Dead Languages, a Point, that will deserve some little Discussion in the Sequel of this Dissertation.

How long he continued in his Father's Way of Business, either as an Assistant to him, or on his own proper Account, no Notices are left to inform us: nor have I been able to learn precisely at what Period of Life he quitted his Native *Stratford*, and began his acquaintance with *London* and the *Stage*.

In order to settle in the World after a Family-manner, he thought fit, Mr. *Rowe* acquaints us, to marry while he was yet very young. It is certain he did so, for by the Monument, in *Stratford Church*, erected to the memory of his Daughter *Susanna*, the wife of *John Hall*, Gentleman, it appears, that she died on the 2d Day of July in the Year 1649, aged 66. So that She was born in 1583, when her Father could not be full 19 years old; who was himself born in the Year 1564. Nor was She his eldest child, for he had another Daughter, *Judith*, who was born before her, and who was married to one Mr. *Thomas Quiny*. So that *Shakespeare* must have entered into Wedlock by that Time he was turn'd of seventeen Years.

Whether the Force of Inclination merely or some concurring Circumstances of Convenience in the Match, prompted him to marry so early, is not easy to be determin'd at this Distance; but 'tis probable, a View of Interest might partly sway his Conduct in this Point, for he married the Daughter of one *Hathaway*, a substantial Yeoman in his Neighbourhood, and She had the Start of him in Age no less than 8 years. She survived him, notwithstanding, seven Seasons, and dy'd that very Year in which the *Players* publish'd the first Edition of his Works in *Folio*, Anno Dom. 1623, at the Age of 67 Years, as we likewise learn from her Monument in *Stratford-Church*.

How long he continued in this kind of Settlement upon his own Native Spot is not more easily to be determin'd. But if the Tradition be true, of that Extravagance which forc'd him both to quit his Country and Way of Living: to wit, his being engag'd with a Knot of Young Deer-stealers, to rob the Park of Sir *Thomas Lucy*, of *Cherlecot*, near *Stratford*, the enterprize savours so much of Youth and Levity, we may reasonably suppose it

was before he could write full Man. Besides, considering he has left us six and thirty Plays, which are avow'd to be genuine; (to throw out of the Question those Seven, in which his Title is disputed: tho' I can, beyond all Controversy, prove some Touches in every one of them to come from his Pen :) and considering too, that he retir'd from the Stage, to spend the latter Part of his Days at his own native *Stratford*; the Interval of Time, necessarily required for the finishing so many Dramatic Pieces, obliges us to suppose he threw himself very early upon the Play-house. And as he could, probably, contract no Acquaintance with the Drama, while he was Driving on the Affair of Wool at home; some Time must be lost, even after he had commenc'd Player, before he could attain Knowledge enough in the Science to qualify himself for turning Author.

It has been observ'd by Mr. *Rowe*, that, amongst other Extravagancies which our Author has given to his Sir *John Falstaffe*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, he has made him a Deer-stealer; and that he might at the same time remember his *Warwickshire* Prosecutor, under the Name of Justice *Shallow*, he has given him very near the same Coat of Arms which *Dugdale*, in his Antiquities of that County, describes for a Family there. There are two Coats, I observe, in *Dugdale*, where three Silver Fishes are borne in the Name of *Lucy*; and another Coat, to the Monument of *Thomas Lucy*, son of Sir *William Lucy*, in which are quarter'd in four several Divisions, twelve little Fishes, three in each Division, probably *Luces*. This very Coat, indeed, seems alluded to in *Shallow's* giving the Dozen White *Luces*, and in *Slender* saying, *he may quarter*. When I consider the exceeding Candour and Good-nature of our Authour, (which inclin'd all the gentler Part of the World to love him; as the Power of his Wit oblig'd the Men of the most delicate Knowledge and polite Learning to admire him;) and that he should throw this humorous Piece of Satire at his Prosecutor, at least twenty Years after the Provocation given, I am confidently persuaded it must be owing to an unforgiving Rancour on the Prosecutor's side; but if This was the Case, it were Pity but the Disgrace of such an Inveteracy should remain as a lasting Reproach and *Shallow* stand as a Mark of Ridicule to stigmatize his Malice.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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